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Friendship and Home

IN

Poetry and Song

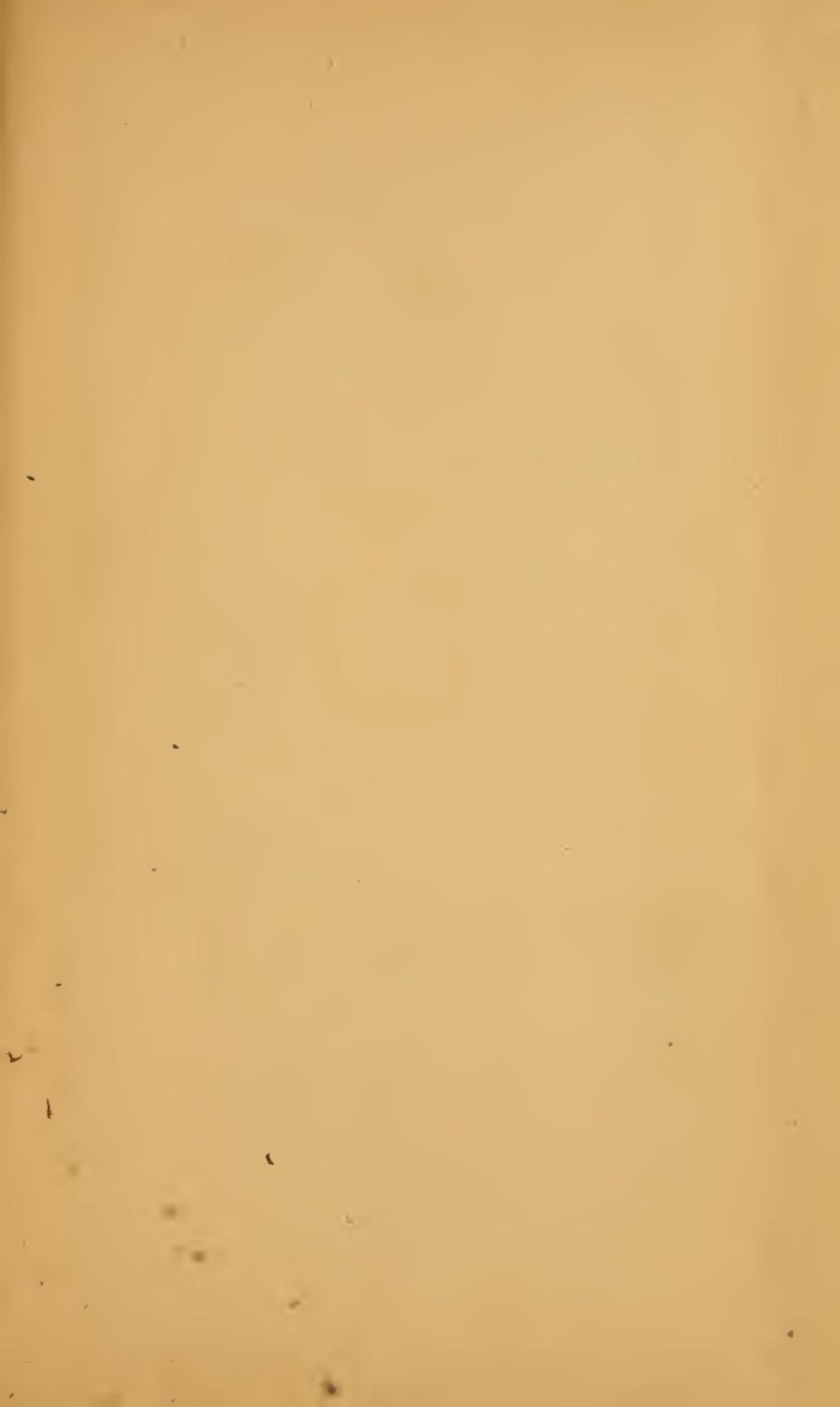


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ERRATA.

Title page, read "of Youth"—not "to Youth," and "to Old-Age"—not "of Old-Age."

Author also of "Mother in Poetry and Song."

P. 8, 3d stanza read "make" my heart—not "makes."

P. 16, 3d stanza read, "Who doth a heart possess," for the 2d line. In 3d line, read "cares"—not care." 4th stanza, 3d line, read "wanders"—not "wander." 4th line, read "long"—not "would."





Friendship and Home

In Poetry and Song

BY

GEORGE WASHINGTON NIMS

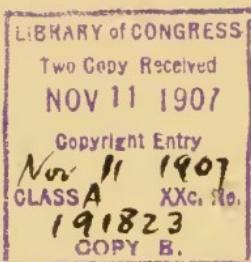
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Author of "A Keepsake More Precious Than Klondike Gold,"
"Golden Lines of Wisdom for the Young," "Uncle Reuben's
Adventures Abroad," "Nims's Humorous Question-Book,"
"The Deserted Farm," "Sweetheart and Wife in Poetry
and Song," "Forsaken by the World," "The
Quatrains Instructor of Youth," "Nims's
Humorous Epitaphs," "Mammon in
Verse-Land," "Human Nature in
Public and Private Life," "The
Counsellor to Youth and
Friend of Old-Age,"
"The Declining Vil-
lage," etc., etc.



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BOSTON WELCOMES YOU.

(Old Home Week.)

O sons and daughters of the Hub!
To Boston wend your way,
And for a season dwell where you
First saw the light of day;
Where friends you love, to greet you, wait—
To you so fondly dear,
Who for association's sake
May shed a joyous tear.

Come and review the hallowed past,
When you in childhood played,
And walk the streets where long ago
Your childish feet have strayed;
Where entertained, you'll daily be,
And honored while you stay,
For sunny hospitality
With flowers will strew your way.

Come, and Old Home Week's treats enjoy,
That for a good-time tell,
And seem at home where you were born,
With friends who wish you well;
And be of those who long again
Comrades of old to greet,
Who, in the city of your birth,
You hope once more to meet.

With old acquaintances of yore
Sweet friendship's ties renew,
And by-gone scenes love to recall
With those to you so true;
And golden days to memory dear
In thought, live o'er again,
When you with pleasure roamed, and you
In childhood loved to train.

Yes, wander back again to a
 Fair city by the sea
 And view, with pride, historic sites
 So dear to liberty;
 Where freedom's brave defenders lived
 In stirring days of yore,
 And, once again, with gratitude
 Their memory adore.

Yes! yes! to dear, old Boston roam,
 And proud of her, oh be!
 Whose name is known the wide world o'er—
 That patriots love to see;
 Come and be welcome everywhere
 Midst scenes so light and gay,
 Where you long—long ago so loved
 To pass the time away.

THE SONGS OF HOME MY MOTHER USED TO SING.

How I in fancy love to hear the songs
 My mother used to sing
 Of "home, sweet home," that makes my heart as
 light
 As merry birds in spring,
 When in the cottage of my youth, in thought,
 I seem to be again—
 Aye, in the dear old home I loved so well
 When I was wont to train!

Refrain:

How I in fancy love to hear the songs
 My mother used to sing
 Of "home, sweet home," that makes my heart as
 light
 As merry birds in spring!

The songs my mother used to sing, how sweet!
 How pleasing to my ear!—
 The bright and joyous songs of long ago,
 That I so loved to hear;

The hallowed lays that pleased me when a child,
When sunny was my lot,
That to my heart endeared my cottage home,
Which never'll be forgot.

What would I give to hear her sing again
The songs so dear to me—
The loving words that lulled me oft to sleep
When sitting on her knee;
That made me early love and venerate
The sacred name of home—
The name that I shall never cease to love
Wherever I may roam.

THE FRIENDS I USED TO KNOW.

While sitting by my cosy hearth,
How sweet it seems to me
When lightly drifts the winter snow
On mountain, hill and lea,
To think again of those I love,
Of friends my boyhood knew,
Who played with me when I was young
And to their vows were true!

How pleasing to recall the friends
That I have ne'er forgot,
With whom I often strolled when bright
And sunny was my lot;
When in a rustic ville I dwelt,
Far from the city's din,
Where those who tread in justice' paths
Unfriendly seemed to sin!

What hallowed scenes come back again
To comfort and to cheer,
As I in fancy see once more
The friends to me so dear;
While in my old arm-chair I sit
And think of days of yore,
Of happy seasons of the past
That I shall live no more!

So while I can in fancy see
 The friends my childhood knew—
 The joyous friends I love so well,
 Who were so kind and true;
 I'll oft recall life's sweetest hours
 And keep their memory green,
 And seem to be a boy again
 In many a pleasing scene.

FRIENDSHIP'S MEMENTOES.

How sweet it seems in lonely hours,
 With love to fondly gaze
 On friendship's mementoes so dear,
 Which speak of by-gone days;
 Of memories that ne'er grow old
 And pleasures ever new,
 Of friends, of unforgotten friends,
 That never were untrue!

When gazing on some treasured ring,
 What pleasing joys return,
 When in imagination, we
 Some sweetheart's face discern;
 When pondering o'er quaint relics old,
 The gifts of love sincere,
 Which seem to grow, as time rolls on,
 More precious and more dear!

How satisfying to the heart
 When stars do brightly glow,
 To trace again in trinkets dear
 The friends we used to know;
 With fancy's aid to live again
 Life's most endearing hours,
 And roam through friendship's cherished vales,
 That gleam with memory's flowers!

What rapturous joys and welcome scenes
 Return, with fond delight,
 To cheer the heart when doting on
 Some old familiar sight;

When tracing in some locket rare,
A mother's loving face—
That thoughtless time or crippling age
Its lines will ne'er efface!

What ecstacies! what soothing joy
We never cease to feel
Whenever we with presents dear
'Round friendship's altars kneel;
When conning o'er some favorite book
Some loved one kindly gave,
Who long ago was gently laid
Down in the cold, cold grave!

So, as we slowly journey on
Life's highway to the tomb,
May friendship's cherished flowers ne'er fade
And die, but sweeter bloom;
May its mementoes ne'er by love—
Sweet love—forgotten be,
While memory charms and we can still
Its hallowed tokens see.

A FRIEND I'LL NE'ER FORGET.

However sad my lot in life,
How drear my future be;
Though I with fortune sup, or roam
With cold adversity,
My Mary dear, I'll ne'er forget—
A friend to me so true—
Wherever I may dwell or roam,
Whatever I may do.

Though she beneath the turf had long
Ago been laid to rest,
Still, in my heart her memory
Would be a welcome guest;
For how could I forget a friend—
A wife so dear to me—
Who for me loves to kindly feel
And my sweet smiles to see?

While I prize love and gratitude
 I'll daily think of her,
 Who is the sunlight of my heart
 And its refreshing myrrh;
 For why should I ungrateful act
 Toward one I love so well,
 With whom, when we from earth have passed,
 I hope to always dwell?

My Mary I shall ne'er forget
 While I can love and feel,
 And at fond memory's altars I
 Am privileged to kneel;
 So long as I can think of one
 So kind and good to me,
 I'll bear her constantly in mind,
 And act, aye, gratefully.

THE HOME I LOVED SO LONG AGO.

How sweet it seems to wander back again
 To scenes where I was born,
 To tread once more the soil I oft have trod
 Lo! in life's early morn;
 When, everywhere, I see the blooms of spring
 And lilacs love to blow,
 And I can view again the happy home
 I loved so long ago.

Refrain:

Ah, yes! how sweet it seems to view again
 The home where I was born,
 And fancy I have seen the friends I love—
 Alas! now dead and gone.

At the front-door I see my mother stand,
 Where morning glories grew.
 And, working in the garden, handy by,
 My father, kind and true;
 While on the door-yard's coat of living green
 With playmates dear, I train,
 And in imagination seem to live
 My childhood o'er again.

I see the swallows 'neath the old barn eaves
And hear the whip-poor-will,
And listen to the robin's cheery notes
Down by the cider-mill;
And, as of yore, I see the cowslips bloom
In meadows bright and green,
Where bob-o'-links can sing so merrily
And I so oft have been.

Ah, yes! how sweet it seems to view again
The home where I was born,
And fancy I have seen the friends I love—
Alas! now dead and gone;
How fondly sweet to think that I have seen
The home so well I know—
The home that I can ne'er forget—the home
I loved so long ago!

THE COT THAT SHELTERED YOU AND ME.

O brother dear! but yesterday I saw
The cot that sheltered you and me,
The little cot with ivy running o'er,
Where oft we played so merrily
When trying care and trouble roamed afar,
And many a merry joke was sprung,
Where pleasure whiled life's balmy hours away
And we the songs of childhood sung.

Refrain:

O brother dear! but yesterday I saw
The cot that sheltered you and me,
The little cot with ivy running o'er,
Where oft we played so merrily.

But yesterday I sat me down again
Beside the hearthstone, old and gray,
Where you and I the quiet games of youth
In winter-time so oft would play;
When faces old to me again appeared,
And voices sweet I seemed to hear—
The voices of the friends we loved so well,
Of father and of mother dear.

When musing there beneath its storm-worn roof
 I thought my brother dear of you,
 Of the sad changes thoughtless time had wrought
 Since we were comrades, tried and true;
 How I had not, when you had prosperous been—
 How you ne'er felt the pangs of want,
 But, like the fickle world, alas! you loved
 Too well to criticise and taunt.

When sad misfortune preys upon my mind
 And dreary seems life's changing sky,
 How I in fancy love to wander back
 Beneath its humble roof to lie;
 The golden days of yore to live again,
 When we were happy, young and free,
 Within a home that never'll be forgot—
 The cot that sheltered you and me!

SUMMER FRIENDS.

While you are prosperous, you can
 On summer friends depend,
 While you are standing on your feet
 And gold desire to lend;
 So long as you with plenty dine
 And live and dress in style,
 They'll not refuse, when so desired,
 An hour with you to while.

While you are fond of treating them
 And freely love to give,
 They'll not forget to notice you
 Wherever you may live;
 So long as you have scrip to burn
 And gold to throw away,
 They'll stick like bark on an oak-tree
 And from you never stray.

While you a good appearance make
 And are a friend to show,
 While you good-natured love to be
 And how to please them, know;
 So long as they believe that you

Are well supplied with gold,
They'll stand by you and boldly swear
Their love will ne'er grow cold.

But when reverses come, how changed!
How quickly then they flee;
The very friends you counted on
You look in vain to see.
Where are they then?—these hypocrites,
Deserving of the name—
Why, they have disappeared and gone
In search of other game.

DON'T CALL THAT MAN A FRIEND.

Don't call that man a friend, who loves
Behind your back to talk,
Unless you like to play the fool
And decency to shock;
But rather act as wisdom would—
Be careful what you say,
If you would on the safe side dwell
And not be led astray.

Don't call that man a friend, who dares
Your faults to advertise,
So long as you are one who can
The laws of honor prize;
While you look down on what is mean,
Contemptible and low,
And seeds of sinfulness in life
You do not wish to sow.

Don't call that man a friend, who leaves
You when misfortune comes,
When you, perchance, are forced to dwell
In penury's cheerless slums;
For, if you do, you'll play the part
Aye, of short-sightedness,
By running after one who ne'er
Your lowly lot will bless.

Don't call that man a friend, who twits
 You of mistakes you've made,
 While you have self-respect, and your
 Fair name would not degrade;
 But look upon him as a foe
 And love to guarded be,
 While you no pleasure ever find
 In acting foolishly.

CHOOSE A FRIEND.

Better 'mong those ne'er choose a friend
 Who'll not for others feel,
 That in the realm of usefulness
 O'erlooks the public weal;
 But 'mong the kindly-hearted seek
 And friends worth having know,
 If you would not make a mistake
 And seeds of folly sow.

Better 'mong those ne'er choose a friend
 Who hearts of steel possess,
 That never care the lot of the
 Unfortunate to bless;
 But 'mong those who desire to aid
 The cripple and the weak,
 If you would sense and wisdom please,
 And like a wise man speak.

Better 'mong those ne'er choose a friend
 Who far from goodness strays,
 That wander from sweet virtue's paths
 And would with meanness stays;
 But 'mong those who uprightly walk
 And for a good name care,
 If you love to act sensibly
 And honor's colors wear.

Better 'mong those ne'er choose a friend
 Who would act miserly,
 That from bad habits never strives

Or longs, lo, to be free;
But 'mong those who can generous act
And scatter sunshine's seeds,
If you desire to be esteemed
By those who do good deeds.

Better 'mong those ne'er choose a friend
Whose aims in life are low,
Who loves to grin at one who must
In boggy meadows mow;
But 'mong those who can sympathize
And shed a kindly tear,
If you desire to nobly live
And to act basely, fear.

I MIGHT HAVE HAD A HAPPY HOME.

I might have had a happy home
But for my foolish wife,
Who was a friend to fretfulness
And never-ending strife;
Who in hot-water loved to be—
She liked to gossip so—
That made her neighbors scowl and filled
My soul with bitter woe.

I used to wonder why her tongue
Could fly so rapidly,
When none, alas! had angered her
And I was meek's a bee;
When I was deeply sighing for
A little happiness,
That long from me had kept away—
I must with pain confess.

So fond was she of dress and show
She often drained my purse,
That made me long for my last ride
In death's oft-dreaded hearse.
To fashion she was such a slave,
And to society,
That from her presence, I admit,
I often longed to flee.

To her, vain style was everything,
 So where did I come in?
 Oh! never mind. But this I knew
 She wasn't too good to sin;
 Because she cared no more for home
 Than she did for a fly—
 And less, indeed, for me, when I
 Her wants could not supply.

So who can wonder why I longed
 To have a happy home?
 Why I, alas! far, far away
 Did often long to roam?
 Where I might possibly forget
 That I e'er wed a wife
 Who, than of home, thought more, indeed,
 Of empty show and strife.

THANKSGIVING DAY IN OUR OLD FARM-HOUSE HOME.

Down in our farm-house home, oh, what
 A happy time we had
 When all the smiles of kindness wore
 And none looked lone or sad!
 Because it was Thanksgiving Day,
 That comes but once a year,
 To bless the home we'll ne'er forget—
 The home to memory dear.

How father and how mother smiled
 On this inviting day,
 When happiness was trump and our
 Young hearts were light and gay!
 So pleased they seemed to know that we
 So light and happy felt
 In the old home where they so oft
 In prayer have humbly knelt.

How on the turkey we did feast,
 And on the pudding, too,
 Because 'twas only once a year

This treat was ours, we knew;
How dull and dumpish we appeared
When we could eat no more,
When we began to think we ought
To fall down on the floor!

Now when Thanksgiving days return
They find us far away,
Far from the home our childhood knew,
Now we are old and gray;
But we have ne'er forgot the home
We loved so long ago,
Or good old turkey-time when cold
The winds of autumn blow.

THE FRIEND I LOVE TO SEE.

The friend I love to see is one
Who has a sunny heart,
And from the joys of cheerfulness
Has no desire to part;
Who dares to stand up for the truth
And on base acts looks down,
And on the sins of treachery
Is not ashamed to frown.

Who loves to keep good company
And sunshine's seeds to sow,
And in the realm of knowledge strives
Of wisdom more to know;
Whose word can be relied upon,
No matter when or where,
And on the stage of life doth not
Two faces wish to wear.

Who knoweth how to justly judge,
And not by style and gold,
Like those who would the lowly poor,
Aye, leave out in the cold;
Who never carries scandal's news,
Or mischief loves to breed,
Or on insipid gossip's food
Is ever known to feed.

Who can with others sympathize
 And for another feel,
 And, in the varied marts of trade,
 Believes in a fair deal;
 Who to dumb animals is kind
 And to his rivals fair,
 And for the helpless and the weak
 Is not the last to care.

Who never likes to twit and slur,
 Or vulgar language use,
 Or to be one who has to do
 With mischief-making news;
 Who never would be quarrelsome,
 Or ill-treat any one,
 Or of misfortune be of those
 Alas! who would make fun.

Who loves to be agreeable,
 But never bold and rude,
 And, where not wanted, never dares,
 Or longs lo, to intrude;
 Who strives to live the golden rule
 And to please righteousness,
 And bright and happy seems when he
 His fellow-men can bless.

MY MANSION HOME.

My mansion home of long ago
 I'm thinking of to-night,
 While by my attic fire I muse
 And watch the embers bright;
 When on the window-pane is heard
 The sound of winter rain,
 And I, to pass the time away,
 Live in the past again.

Refrain:

My mansion home of long ago
 I'm thinking of to-night,
 While by my attic fire I muse
 And watch the embers bright.

Again I see its stately walls,
So pleasing to the eye,
And, in the drawing-room, the friends
Who 'neath the cold sod lie;
While once again, with one I love,
I walk the marble floor
Just as I did long years ago
In golden days of yore.

Its costly furnishings, so prized,
And paintings old and rare,
Remind me of more prosperous days
When I could diamonds wear;
Ere demon drink robbed me of all
And left me penniless,
Who oft with wealth was pleased to dine
When I could richly dress.

My mansion home is standing still,
But little changed to-day,
Where strangers—strange to me—now pass
Life's sunny hours away;
The home where wealth and plenty reign,
Where I was pleased to dwell,
Ere thro' the "cup" I lost my home—
The home I love so well.

MY OLD FRIEND JOE.

I love to think of you, my old friend Joe,
Of one so kind and good—that I love so;
With whom full many a golden hour I've whiled;
When blustering winter howled and summer smiled;
So faithful you have always been to me,
When plenty cheered or frowned adversity;
So pleasing to my heart, I love to praise
The genial friend I've loved from childhood's days.

A model friend, indeed, you e'er have been,
Who wisely walks and frowns on what is mean,
Believing in what can uplift and bless,
And in the noble cause of righteousness;

While striving to be always wise and just,
As those who in the righteous love to trust;
Of whom sweet friendship is so justly proud,
With goodly traits you were so well endowed.

Ah, yes! my old friend Joe, to me so dear,
Who thro' so many years has been so near,
Of you I love to think and fairly praise—
The constant friend I've loved from childhood's days;
Because you are the ideal of my heart,
From whom I know I'll never wish to part,
So long as I the worth of friendship prize
And I shall bide among the just and wise.

WHEN HOME SO PLEASING SEEMS.

When home so pleasing seems, you see,
Is when its inmates can agree
And from contention would be free.

When love is never out of sight
And its warm rays are wondrous bright,
And all desire lo, to do right.

When no discordant sounds are heard
And none are ever meanly slurred,
But peace charms like a singing bird.

When ugly words seem out of place
Where virtues love to cheer and grace,
And all would show a sunny face.

When all know how to happy feel
And at the shrine of comfort kneel,
And with each other fairly deal.

When none are slaves to vanity
And from abuse are wholly free,
Like one who courteth harmony.

When in ill treatment none believe
Or needlessly a heart would grieve,
Or wish to injure or deceive.

When all for one another care
And fond affection's tokens wear,
And, like the prosperous, kindly fare.

WHAT FRIEND CAN DO SO MUCH FOR YOU?

What friend can do so much for you
As mammon when in need,
When pennyless, and none for you
Will do a kindly deed;
When you are homeless and despised
By those who judge by gold,
And sad misfortune forces you
To sleep out in the cold?

What friend can do so much for you
When you have debts to pay,
And creditors are cross, and you
Know not, to turn, which way;
When sickness comes and you are shunned,
And left, perhaps, to die;
When you, forgotten by the world,
With poverty dost lie?

What friend can do so much for you
When wedded you become,
Aye, what can then like mammon aid
In beautifying home;
Or so enable you to live
As human beings should,
And cause your feet to stand
Where men of means have stood?

What friend can do so much for you,
Should you in business fail,
Or, what can fill its place when you
A pauper's lot bewail;
What can make you esteemed again
Or set you on your feet,
Or cause the world to bow and smile
Like friends you used to greet?

What friend can do so much for you,
 Or make men sweeter smile,
 Or quicker aid you when you long
 To promenade in style;
 And when at last to death, you bow,
 And you have said "good-bye,"
 What can for your remains so grand
 A mausoleum buy?

THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

To the old homestead of my childhood, I
 In fancy often love to roam,
 To old familiar scenes my boyhood knew
 Around my old ancestral home;
 To view again the hill-side and the stream,
 The rocks and rills and meadows fair,
 As in the happy days gone by, so dear,
 When I was young and free from care.

Refrain:

To the old homestead of my childhood, I
 In fancy love to often roam,
 To old familiar scenes my boyhood knew
 Around my old ancestral home.

I love to wander through those shady haunts
 Where oft my childish feet have strayed,
 To linger on the playgrounds of my youth,
 Where I've so often danced and played;
 To sit beneath the maple's cooling shade
 'Mid old associations dear,
 With comrades that I nevermore shall see,
 And sing the songs I loved to hear.

In contemplation oft I wander back
 To live my childhood o'er again
 With parents kind and fond companions dear,
 On the old homestead by the lane;
 To sit beside the hearthstone's genial fire
 In the cottage where I was born,
 Upon the old plantation, as of yore,
 To live sweet seasons past and gone.

TRUE FRIENDS.

When cold misfortune visits you
And you in need may be,
True friends will not forsake you then,
Or from you wish to flee;
Though empty be your purse, they'll not
Forget to notice you,
And, as they were in prosperous days,
Be ever just and true.

When trials come and trouble frowns
A helping hand they'll lend,
And when you need a brother's aid
Will cheerfully befriend;
However fierce life's storms may beat—
How loud its billows roar,
They'll by you bravely stand till what
You dreaded so is o'er.

When the cold, selfish world at you
Is prone to basely frown,
And underhanded enemies
Desire to drag you down;
Then they will not, like summer friends,
Believe all that they hear,
And when you sin, than damn,
Would rather shed a tear.

So doubly grateful you should be,
If you have friends so true,
On whom you ever can rely—
As they, indeed, are few;
While you admire a noble mind
And gratitude revere;
So long as honor you esteem
And faithfulness hold dear.

A CHRISTIAN HOME.

A place where Christ is not debarred
And God a welcome finds,
And round the social hearth, sweet love

Its tendrils daily twines;
Where harmony delights to dwell
With peace and gentleness,
And all desire to friendly act
And toward the truth to press.

Where thoughts of Heaven can sunshine bring
To those who love to trust
Lo! in the promises of One
Whose words will never rust;
Where all would live the golden rule
And one another bless,
And, never knowingly, the rules
Of faithfulness transgress.

Where jealousy is never known
To play a cruel part,
And cold, unfeeling envy ne'er
Has fired a poisonous dart;
Where cheerfulness delights to reign
And justice feels at home,
And none in search of happiness
Is ever known to roam.

Where meanness is unpopular,
As it deserves to be,
And none desire to lightly speak
Of sunny charity;
Where none are prone to twit and slur,
But love lo, to be kind,
And follow in the steps of one
Who has with goodness dined.

Where sacred things are justly prized
And holy thoughts revered,
And loving hearts to what is good
And pure are most endeared;
Where righteous living is esteemed,
And kindly deeds as well,
And all in unison from day
To day are pleased to dwell.

MY OLD NEW ENGLAND HOME.

O how I love to wander back again,
Back to my old New England home,
Down in a flowery vale among the hills
Where I in childhood loved to roam
Through old familiar fields and wild woods cool,
In summer's balmy days of yore,
When hopeful youth and happiness were mine
And I dwelt on life's sunny shore!

Chorus:

O how I love to wander back again,
Back to my old New England home,
Down in a flowery vale among the hills
Where I in childhood loved to roam;
Upon the sacred soil of liberty,
Of Lexington and Bunker Hill,
Upon the soil our Pilgrim fathers trod—
And their descendants ever will!

In contemplation, oft I sit me down
In the farm-house my boyhood knew,
Beneath the humble roof that sheltered me
My childhood's joyous season through;
To see my mother in her old arm-chair
And father's genial voice to hear,
And, as I fondly muse, to live again
The golden hours to me so dear.

So proud, I'll ever be of being born
And reared in a New England home—
The birthplace of so many famous men
And women, who no longer view
Its valleys green or climb its rocky hills,
But who have to distinction rose
In all the varied walks of human life,
As trusty information knows.

THE MOSS-GROWN COT, MOTHER.

The moss-grown cot again I see,
My childhood's happy home,
Near by the verdant fields where oft

My careless feet did roam.
 The cot I loved when I was young
 How still to-day it seems,
 But as of old upon the pane
 The summer sunshine beams!

Refrain:

The moss-grown cot to memory dear,
 My childhood's happy home,
 Near to my heart will always be
 Wherever I may roam.

Again I hear the self-same jokes
 My father used to tell,
 When summer smiled and winter frowned—
 The jokes I loved so well;
 When in the evening I sat near
 The hearthstone's genial fire—
 My only brother by my side,
 Arrayed in plain attire.

Methinks I hear again a voice
 That often solaced me—
 Ah, yes! in fancy I behold
 Life's dearest friend to me;
 Whose loving smiles come back again,
 As in bright days of yore,
 Like rays of joy that in my heart
 Will live forevermore.

I see the morning-glories bloom
 Beside our old front-door,
 While on the gate the robin sings
 And swallows skim and soar:
 Though far away I'm dwelling now,
 The little moss-grown cot,
 That sheltered me in childhood's days,
 Will never be forgot.

I'M SATISFIED WITH HOME.

Let others roam where'er they will—
 It matters not to me—

O'er mountains or through plains, afar
Across the "deep blue sea"—
I'm satisfied with home.

Tho' others love to visit clubs
To while the time away,
Or out-of-doors had rather be
With those who love to stray—
I'm satisfied with home.

Let others talk about saloons
And to the tavern go,
Or wander 'neath the pale, pale moon
When evening zephyrs blow—
I'm satisfied with home.

Tho' others lightly speak of it
And, even sneer at me,
And laugh at my expense, because
I can't with them agree—
I'm satisfied with home.

However humble it may be
My love will never wane,
Tho' others pass unkind remarks
To cause me needless pain—
I'm satisfied with home.

Tho' I be slighted by the proud,
When in adversity,
Or flattered and respected when
I sail on plenty's sea—
I'm satisfied with home.

THE MODEL HOME.

The model home is found where those abide
That by uprightness stand,
Where one, by love and kindness swayed, delights
To lend a helping hand;
Where children to obey are ever prompt
When duty bids them to,
When its inmates to truth and righteousness
Are willing to be true;

Where love and sunshine find a welcome warm
And spotless virtues bide,
Where those who frown on vanity and sin
With right and honor side;
Where the sweet influence of peace and joy
Is felt by night and day,
And haughty pride and cruel selfishness
Have no desire to stay;

Where language, harsh and vile, is never heard
Or low desires that blight,
Are countenanced or nursed, but purity's lamp
Is cheery, clear and bright;
Where pessimism's gloomy fears do not
Becloud a hopeful mind,
But literature that elevates and guides,
The wise and good can find;

Where one, another loves to please, and smiles
Bid care and trouble flee,
Where hate and slander never come to curse,
Or ugliness and jealousy;
Where 'neath the sway of gentle kindness, life
Worth living seems indeed,
When its inhabitants, in what endears,
Desire to nobly lead;

Where smiling faces with good-nature charm
And scowls are never seen,
Where one will seek in vain to find what is
Ignoble, base and mean;
Where parents, worthy of the name, their young
They guard and rightly rear,
And for the ills of life is seen to flow
The sympathetic tear.

So, fortunate indeed are they who dwell
Lo, in a model home,
Where happiness and love reside, from which
They never long to roam;
Where cherished peace and sunshine captivate,
And joy and comfort cheer—
That its blest inmates think on earth
The spot to them most dear.

TO CHILDHOOD'S HOME I'LL WANDER BACK AGAIN.

To childhood's home I'll wander back again,
To a lone village far away,
With one I love in golden autumn-time—
Where I in childhood loved to stay—
When forests fair with charming colors please
And rural nature's blooms so sweetly smile,
Where when a child, from care and trouble free,
Life's rosy hours I loved to while;

For I would walk its hallowed streets, as I
In by-gone days loved to so well,
And, in the moss-grown cottage of my youth,
Just for an hour with memory dwell,
For with my own sweet Mamie dear, I long
To wander where my childish feet
Have trod, among its flowers bright and gay,
When I fond playmates used to greet.

Back to its pleasant shades and sunny greens
Oh, may it be my lot to roam,
That I may from the city's din be free
And view once more my childhood's home!
For life's unwelcome cares I would forget
When strolling through its fields so fair—
Ay, when at memory's unforgotten scenes
I love again to fondly stare.

The haunts my childhood knew I long to see—
However changed to-day they seem—
Old Princeton hill, the mead and village-green,
The brook, the mill-pond and the stream;
The shady nooks where love and pleasure cheered,
The Roper farm and Bailey brook,
Which seem as dear as ever still, though I
Long years ago these scenes forsook.

The pleasing sights that charmed me when a boy,
Which never'll from my memory fade,
The lowly cot so pleasing to my heart,
The woodland's cool and mossy glade;

The orchards and the rustic gardens fair,
 The pottery-shop, to-day so still,
 The cosy playgrounds, that I oft recall,
 And fishing haunts and old grist-mill.

So to the village of my childhood's days
 I'll gladly wander back again,
 And fancy I am young while strolling where,
 With those I love, I used to train;
 Though childhood's friends and playmates kind and
 dear
 Will not be there to welcome me,
 Still with my Mamie dear, I'll happy feel,
 If I its hills and dales can see.

THE MANSION ON THE HILL, MOTHER.

Mother, to-day I visited
 The mansion on the hill,
 Where you and I, long years ago,
 Of sunshine had our fill; ;
 Where love and sweet contentment cheered,
 And comfort chose to stay
 Through frosty winter's chilly night
 And summer's gladsome day.

I saw once more the drawing-room
 Where, with sweet fancy's aid,
 Your pleasing form again appeared,
 Where I in childhood played;
 And golden hours of by-gone days
 I seemed to live again,
 When I with playmates, tried and true,
 So loved to romp and train.

And oh! while 'neath its vine-clad roof
 What joys returned to me,
 What thoughts came flying back of one
 I never more shall see!
 Of you, my mother dear, so good,
 So faithful and so true,
 Who with me lived the rosy hours
 My happy boyhood knew.

Your deeds of love and watchful care
And chidings just and wise,
Again fond memory recalled—
That I so dearly prize;
And many a pleasing thought of you
More dear than ever seemed,
As kindly words and noble acts
Before my fancy teemed.

Your gentle voice I seemed to hear,
So pleasing and so sweet,
As through its silent rooms I strayed
With naught but gloom to greet;
Still, tender words that mothers speak,
Returned my heart to cheer,
Lo, in the mansion on the hill,
To-day to me so dear.

The kind advice you gave me there
Has proven a beacon-light,
Ay, ay! when I have tempted been
To wander from the right;
The counselings that were with truth
And justice in accord,
Which bade me learn to justly walk.
And firmly trust in God.

So, to my heart, the mansion on
The hill will ever be
A sweet remembrancer of you,
I long again to see;
Whom I shall never cease to prize
So long as life is mine,
While precious thoughts of you around
My heart I love to twine.

WHERE CAN I FIND SO TRUE A FRIEND?

(A Good Mother.)

Where can I find so true a friend
In cold misfortune's hour,
When I am forced to occupy

Sad tribulation's bower;
When I, my ship of life, am forced
 To steer with compass lost
And I on trouble's boisterous sea
 Am most unkindly tossed?

Where can I find so true a friend
 When sorrow worries me,
When for loved ones I sigh and grieve,
 And long in vain to see;
When I a confidant desire
 Whose word to truth is wed,
Who never would for gold betray,
 But with the righteous tread?

Where can I find so true a friend
 Lo, in the hour of need,
Who can for me so deeply feel
 Or so devoutly plead;
Who when bewildering trials come
 So tenderly can talk,
When in the chairs of restlessness
 I am obliged to rock?

Where can I find so true a friend
 Who talks so cheerfully,
When on life's wintry side I look,
 Or thinks so oft of me;
When I down-hearted feel, who can
 Sunshine so quickly bring,
Or plead so earnestly with me
 The lays of hope to sing?

Where can I find so true a friend
 Who will so faithfully
My secrets keep, or in dark hours
 So nobly stand by me?
No matter where I dwell or roam,
 A friend so good and kind,
So faithful when life's trials come,
 I know I'll never find.

I WOULD NOT LOVE TO FRIENDLESS BE.

I would not love to friendless be,
Whate'er my lot in life,
While I am forced to dwell lo, in
A world so full of strife;
While I a social nature claim
And conversation cheers,
And I can shed, for those I love,
Affection's hallowed tears.

I would not love to friendless be,
No matter where I dwelt.
If I the sunny influence
Of friendship e'er had felt;
If I had ever known a friend
Congenial to my heart,
From whom I know it would, to me,
Be painful e'er to part.

I would not love to friendless be,
For I would lonely feel—
Though rich or poor—if I could not
At friendship's altars kneel:
If I should journey on alone
In this wide world of ours—
Like some, alas! who never see
Affection's cherished flowers.

I would not love to friendless be.
While I prize happiness,
So long as I love company.
With joy, I now confess;
While I am interested in
Humanity and care,
Like those who kindly hearts possess.
How others live and fare.

THE MODEL FRIEND.

The model friend is one who loves
To always kindly act
Toward those who highly prize their word

And are by honor backed;
Who strives to keep his promises,
Whatever they may be.
And from the vile resorts of sin
Is not ashamed to flee.

Who of another's feelings thinks
And is to kindness wed,
Believing it is just and wise
To be to treachery dead;
Who never would advantage take
Of those who wisdom lack,
Or to please underhandedness
Deceive behind one's back.

Who is a friend to etiquette,
At home as well's abroad,
And in the fields of foolishness
Is never known to plod;
Who has a heart that even for
An enemy can feel,
And at the shrine of haughty pride
Is never known to kneel.

Who never loves to rudely act,
But woes civility,
And from what can degrade or harm
Is one who would be free;
Who can for others sacrifice
And do a kindly turn,
And lessons wise from lowly minds
Be not ashamed to learn.

Who would not be to selfishness
A base and heartless slave.
Or to please cold, unfeeling greed
Act like a grasping knave;
Who plays the part of gentleman,
Wherever he may be,
And, never to please cruel spite,
Would make an enemy.

Who to right-living is a friend,
At home and when abroad—

A friend who dares to justly walk
And to believe in God;
Who loves to smile and kindly speak,
And looks on the bright side,
And with the worthy and the wise
Forever would abide.

I LOVE A SUNNY-HEARTED FRIEND.

I love a sunny-hearted friend
Who always has a smile,
And with a pessimist would not
His leisure time ere while;
Who on the sunny side of life
Is always to be found,
And for his kindly deeds and words
Is one who is renowned.

A friend who ne'er my feelings harms
Or strives to injure me,
But one who would rejoice if I
Could more of sunshine see;
Who can a solemn secret keep
And smile when others frown,
And never, like the mean, would kick
A brother when he's down.

A friend who can be sociable
And a good time enjoy,
And, never to please cruel spite,
A neighbor e'er annoy;
Who don't believe all that he hears
And far from gossips strays,
And, never for the love of gain,
His fellow-men betrays.

A friend who keeps his promises,
On whom one can rely,
Who to act under-handedly
No money e'er could buy;
Who would not be a slave to greed
Or foolish act for pride,
But everywhere be pleased with sense
And kindness to side.

HOME AND FRIENDS.

I love to sing of happy days,
Of seasons long ago,
When I the golden seeds of love
And pleasure used to sow;
When I had friends, so kind and true,
And an inviting home,
Where those I loved contented seemed
And never longed to roam.

Refrain:

I love to sing of happy days,
Of seasons long ago,
When I the golden seeds of love
And pleasure used to sow.

I love to think of those I prized
When I in childhood played
In genial summer-time, when we
Through vales and meadows strayed;
Of friends that I could always trust,
Who were so dear to me,
When in the careless days of yore,
To wander, I was free.

I love in fancy to behold
The home that sheltered me
When I, with parents that I'll ne'er
Forget, so loved to be;
To sit beside the hearth and sing,
And pleasing stories tell,
And watch my mother smile at jokes
My father loved so well.

I love in thought to be again
With friends I'll ne'er forget,
Who were the sunshine of my heart—
Whose like I ne'er have met;
And in imagination seem
In childhood's home to be,
When I with smiling plenty dwelt
Free from adversity.

COUPLETS.

In trying hours, true friends play well their part—
Thus showing others that they have a heart.

True friends rejoice when you are prospering,
And to your door kind wishes love to bring.

From home be one who loves to banish strife,
And, what may breed contention, dare to knife.

When love is absent home less pleasing seems,
And with the seeds of discord often teems.

If you would have a pleasant home, then be
A constant friend to love and harmony.

From those who love to twit and slur
One ought to flee—as from a cur.

Be thankful if you have a happy home,
And from its fold but rarely wish to roam.

A sunny home is bliss, indeed,
To those who goodness' precepts heed.

The home that shelters cheerfulness
Its happy inmates loves to bless.

Home is no place to twit and slur,
Or to create a needless stir.

True friends and a good home, how dear
To those who love and happiness revere!

Fretting makes home a dismal place,
Or fools do ne'er their names disgrace.

At home to one and all be kind,
While you love right and peace of mind.

Be pleased when you can aid a friend,
When you his honor would defend.

Of a good home a champion be,
Or you less happiness may see.

Lo! of home training, never lightly speak
While you dread to be called a senseless freak.

MOTHER AT HOME.

How sweet it seems when evening dawns
To see my mother's face,
On which I never can the signs
Of pessimism trace;
To see her in the home I've known
Since I in boyhood played,
Since in the sunny fields, so near,
I first with loved ones strayed!

How then I love to listen to
Her gentle voice so sweet,
When I from wearing toil am free—
Ah! then, oh, what a treat!
To listen to her good advice
And words of love and cheer,
To ponder them, as justice would,
From one to me so dear!

How happy I shall ever be
While mother dear at home
Makes life so bright and sunny seem
And bids me not to roam;
While one I call "my dearest friend,"
Shall love and feel for me,
And, in her old arm-chair, I can
Her hallowed image see!

IF YOU WOULD NOT A FRIEND E'ER LOSE.

If you would not a friend e'er lose
Be careful what you say,
Wherever you may be, and with
The wise be pleased to stray;

Aye, cautious what you do, lest you
Should needlessly offend,
And much, alas! against your will
A hand to folly lend.

See that you never twit or slur,
Or talk behind one's back,
Or dare to play a double part,
Or in good-nature lack;
But walk, lo, in the paths of one
Who would treat others well,
And with the upright and the good
Wish you might always dwell.

To sacrifice for friendship's sake,
Be ever willing to,
And to the vows that you have made.
Don't fail lo, to be true,
Or you may lose a worthy friend
And act short-sightedly.
Like those who far from wisdom stray
And from discretion flee.

Be careful not to ever slight
Or dare to coldly greet
One whom you love and reverence,
Or wish to meanly treat;
If you would not a friend e'er lose
While on your journey through
This world of sunshine, storm and care,
And to your vows be true.

BE THANKFUL FOR A HAPPY HOME.

Be thankful for a happy home
Where love delights to reign,
And peace and sweet contentedness
Are never known to wane;
If you desire to wisely act
And value happiness,
And, like the good, your family
Be ever pleased to bless.

Be thankful for a happy home
 Where all contented feel,
 And love to take an interest
 In one another's weal;
 Where discord is a sound unknown,
 And sunshine loves to cheer
 Like kindly words do one who finds
 Life's journey dark and drear.

Be thankful for a happy home,
 However poor it be,
 Where all do one another please
 And dwell in harmony;
 Where all their duty love to do
 And on injustice frown,
 Like those who with uprightness walk
 And on base motives frown.

Be thankful for a happy home
 Where goodness doth abide,
 And none, on what can tell for sin,
 Are ever known to side;
 While you possess a grateful heart
 And worth appreciate,
 And you the blessings of sweet home
 Refuse to underrate.

HOME AND FRIENDS.

Be thankful if you have a home
 Where love and kindness reign,
 Where those you love delight to dwell
 And love doth never wane.

Be thankful if your friends are true,
 And for you really care,
 While you possess a grateful heart
 And signs of goodness wear.

Be thankful if your home is one
 In which you happy feel
 Whenever 'neath its sheltering roof
 You sit, or stand, or kneel.

Be thankful if your friends believe
In living a good life,
And joining hands with those who dare
To frown on needless strife.

Be thankful if your home is what
You think it ought to be—
A place where none unhappy feel,
But all fair sunshine see.

Be thankful if your friends are all
That goodness doth desire,
If they are never known to tread
In meanness' slimy mire.

Be thankful if your home is bright
And cheery every day,
If what for happiness can tell
Is never prone to stray.

Be thankful if your friends make life
For you more sunny seem,
If they, when in your company,
With sweet good-nature teem.

UNWORTHY FRIENDS.

Better avoid unworthy friends
While you prize happiness,
And, in your heart of hearts, desire
Your fellow-men to bless;
While you sweet peace of mind admire
And from discord would flee,
If you with those who wisely walk
The joys of life would see.

Better avoid unworthy friends
While you would rightly live,
If you would not to foolishness
Your time and money give;
While you revere a worthy name
And labor to do good,
If you would act a noble part
And do as justice would.

Better avoid unworthy friends
 While you on earth aspire
 To be of some account in life
 And noble aims admire;
 While you life's quicksands would avoid
 And on safe ground reside,
 If you would please the good and not
 With senseless folly side.

Better avoid unworthy friends,
 Lest you be led astray,
 And, sooner than you think, be coaxed
 To tread the downward way;
 While you to meanness are a foe
 And to good-sense a friend,
 If you, to sin, do never wish
 A helping hand to lend.

Better avoid unworthy friends
 Wherever you may be—
 Ay! better to be friendless than
 To seek their company;
 While you aspire to make your mark
 In goodness' fruitful field,
 If you would stand by righteousness
 And not to folly yield.

A LOVELESS HOME.

O may it never be your lot
 To dwell lo, in a home
 From whence, in order to find peace,
 You are obliged to roam;
 Where hatred takes the place of love
 And sunshine none e'er see.
 While night and day is plainly heard
 The groans of misery!

With those, oh may you never live
 Who rather frown than smile,
 Who happy seem when they at home
 Can others' feelings rile;

But with the sunny-hearted, may
 You live life's fleeting hours
With those who cheer, like kindly words,
 Or summer's sweetest flowers!

Ay! in a loveless home may you
 Be never forced to dwell
While to your ear are softly sweet
 The sounds of kindness' bell;
While you prize peace and happiness
 And quarreling abhor,
And with your fellow beings dread
 To always be at war.

GOOD HOMES.

How fortunate, indeed, are they
 Who live in a good home,
Who to find peace and happiness
 Are never forced to roam;
Where bad examples none e'er set,
 But goodness loves to reign,
And aught that can upbuild and bless
 Is never known to wane.

Where mothers—worthy of the name—
 Their young do rightly rear,
And through their love and usefulness
 Their names to home endear;
Where brothers and where sisters, too,
 In harmony abide,
And with base jealousy and hate
 Are never known to side.

Where worthy fathers justly act,
 And for their offspring care,
And never, night or day, the frowns
 Of ugliness e'er wear;
Where smiles, in place of scowls, are seen
 And sunshine's blessed rays,
And all are known to daily strive
 To walk in kindness' ways.

Where children are taught how to mind
 And how to act and talk,
 And in the chairs of foolishness
 Are never known to rock;
 When all aspire to live a life
 Approved by righteousness,
 And, never to please vanity,
 Are slaves to show and dress.

Where works that benefit are read
 And all improvement love,
 And none within its fold are rude,
 But harmless as a dove;
 Where none home-training's worth despise,
 Or at refinement sneer—
 The home where love and duty reign,
 To worth and goodness dear.

NOW IN A MANSION HOME I DWELL.

Now in a mansion home, I dwell,
 I ought to thankful be,
 While I am far removed from want
 And cheerless poverty;
 And to my Maker grateful feel
 For blessings I enjoy,
 If I would rationally act
 And not with folly toy.

Now I dine on the best and sleep
 Lo, on a downy bed,
 And to the comforts wealth can give
 I know that I am wed;
 While happiness my pathway strews
 With blossoms bright and sweet,
 And in my daily intercourse
 True friends I often meet.

Ay! for the blessings gold bestows,
 Lo! in return, I ought
 To justly live and walk with those
 Who noble deeds have wrought;
 If I would act consistently

And frown on foolish pride,
And with what tells for righteousness
Be always pleased to side.

A WORTHY HOME, INDEED.

The home where love and justice reign
And goodness' influence ne'er'll wane.

Where smiling faces one can see
And with the friends of kindness be.

Where the good-natured feel at home
And to find peace don't have to roam.

Where peevishness no welcome finds,
But cheerfulness with sunshine dines.

Where one, another strives to please,
And with what can upbuild, agrees.

Where worthy aims are not unknown
And seeds of sin are never sown.

Where all ideals high can woo
And to their vows be ever true.

Where happiness is wont to bless
And all are friends to righteousness.

Where fault-finding's unpopular
And all bad language would debar.

Where all believe in God and right
And shun whate'er can curse and blight.

Where children knowingly are reared
And to their parents are endeared.

Where harmony loves to prevail
And none make fun of those who fail.

Where lessons wise are daily learned
And what improves is soon discerned.

Where gentleness is not despised
And kindly deeds are highly prized.

In such a home all ought to dwell
Who love to ring right-living's bell.

WHEN SUMMER FRIENDS ARE FEW.

When empty is your pocket-book
And you are poorly fed,
When forlorn is your lot and you
To poverty are wed,
Then summer friends are few.

When you are forced to seek for aid
By cold necessity,
When with ill-luck you have to dine,
And sleep with penury,
Then summer friends are few.

When you are forced to poorly dress
And live most anywhere,
When by the world you oft are shunned,
Like those who roughly fare,
Then summer friends are few.

When you the pangs of hunger feel
And gloomy is your lot,
When you are down and destitute,
And long to be forgot,
Then summer friends are few.

MY DEAR OLD HOME JUST FOR TO-NIGHT.

Just for to-night, oh! let me view again
My dear old home that sheltered me
When I was young through childhood's careless days
And helpless hours of infancy;
The little cot, so precious to my heart.

Now I am growing old and gray.
Oh, let me see again ere I, alas!
From mortal scenes have passed away.

Chorus:

My dear old home, just for to-night,
I'm longing now to see,
The cot I loved when I was young,
That kindly sheltered me.

Just for to-night, oh! let me hear again
The voices once so fondly sweet,
Of loving friends who never proved untrue—
The friends I'm longing now to greet;
That I may hear the ticking of the clock
And creaking of the old arm-chair—
To think myself a child again and bid
Adieu to trouble, pain and care.

Just for to-night, oh! let me kiss again
Sweet faces far more dear than gold,
Of father and of mother kind and true—
The faces that will ne'er grow old
While love endears and recollection charms.
And gratitude can bud and bloom—
While I can gaze with hope's entrancing orbs
Beyond the portals of the tomb.

Just for to-night, oh! let me live again
The past within my dear old home—
The golden hours and blissful moments sweet
Ere far away I went to roam;
And 'round the cosy hearth, with those I love.
Fond memory's scenes live o'er—
The joyous scenes that never'll cease to bloom
On childhood's never-fading shore.

O HOW I LOVE A FRIEND WHO'S DEAR TO ME!

O how I love a friend who's dear to me!

Whose smiles are always sweet,
With whom I like to pass life's sunny hours
And dearly love to greet;

A friend on whom I ever can depend
 When smooth or rough life's sea,
 Who shuns the haunts of selfishness
 And loves to cheerful be.

Refrain:

O how I love a friend who's dear to me!
 Whose smiles are always sweet,
 With whom I like to pass life's sunny hours
 And dearly love to greet.

With one who never looks on the dark side—
 A friend who's dear to me—
 Lo, in his sunny company so bright
 How I delight to be!
 With one who loves to be affectionate
 And always just and kind,
 Who in a feeling heart believes and in
 Nobility of mind.

How light and happy then I feel, while I
 His kindly voice can hear,
 When in his presence I am pleased to list
 To words of love and cheer!
 Because, so true a friend, not every day
 It is my lot to meet,
 As through life's winding paths I roam—a friend
 To me so kind and sweet.

NEVER ILL TREAT A FRIEND.

Whatever you may do in life,
 Oh, ne'er ill treat a friend!
 But rather when a chance occurs
 Be quick lo, to defend.

If he has faults, you may have, too,
 So never hasty act
 Like one, alas! who seems to lack
 In charity and tact.

BE GRATEFUL FOR FRIENDLY DEEDS.

To friends who have been kind to you
Ungrateful never be,
But through your acts and words, that you
Are thankful, let them see;
That you appreciate what they
In your behalf have done,
And of their noble efforts ne'er
Desire lo, to make fun.

To those who have befriended you
Lo, in the hour of need,
Who, through their generous acts have shown
That they are friends, indeed,
Be ever thankful, kind and true.
And for them kindly feel,
And never long to say or do
Aught that may harm their weal.

MY BOYHOOD'S HAPPY HOME.

To-day I wandered back again
To Sterling's vales so green,
Near by Wauchusett's shady slopes,
Where I so oft have been.

Where childhood played, I strolled to-day,
Around my boyhood's home,
O'er hill and dale, through glen and grove,
Where I was wont to roam.

Though many a landmark is no more,
Still, I can plainly see
The little cot where I was reared—
The friend of infancy.

How sweet it seems to linger here,
Where once I roamed so free,
When all the world before me lay
Far from adversity;

When genial hope my pathway lit
With many a dazzling light,
And harmless pleasures often shone
Along life's highway, bright!

'Twas joy to me when trouble dwelt
From home far, far away,
And anxious care intruded not
On spring-time's sunny day.

Though time has changed my boyhood's home,
The pottery-shop and mill,
Its playgrounds and their shady haunts,
I love them dearly still.

The blissful hours that here I spent
I never shall regret;
The happiest season of my life
I never can forget.

The village of my childhood's days
I treasure with delight,
And ever shall while memory lives
Enjoy this cherished right.

Look back, with pride, I often shall
Upon its vales so green,
And oft in thought live o'er again
Some old familiar scene.

THEN, WHAT A FRIEND IS MONEY!

Alas! when sharks in human form
A mortgage would foreclose,
And leave you shelterless, and you
Contend with sordid foes;
Then, what a friend is money!

When you know not which way to turn,
'Cause debts so multiply,
And grim despair makes you desire
From penury's haunts to fly;
Then, what a friend is money!

When you would in society shine
And noticed wish to be,
When you would be a favorite
And please prosperity;
Then, what a friend is money!

When landlords warn you out and put
Your goods down on the street,
And you have no desire to live,
But death would gladly greet;
Then, what a friend is money!

When greedy creditors would force
You to talk suicide,
And, if they had their say, would make
You with the homeless 'bide;
Then, what a friend is money!

When you no way in life can see
Your bills to promptly pay,
And you, thereby, are forced lo, with
The destitute to stay;
Then, what a friend is money!

When you your situation lose
And want is hovering near,
When prospects bright and cheery flee
And poverty you fear;
Then what a friend is money!

Ay, ay! when unexpectedly
Misfortune visits you,
And empties soon your purse and makes
You cry, "What shall I do?"
Then, what a friend is money!

When to the poor-house you believe
That you must quickly go,
Or when old-age weighs down, and you
Have a hard row to hoe;
Then, what a friend is money!

MY OLD NEW HAMPSHIRE HOME.

I'm thinking of my old New Hampshire home,
 Now I am dwelling far away,
 Far from the happy home my boyhood knew,
 Now I am growing old and gray;
 I'm thinking of the granite hills I love,
 Of blooming vales and meadows fair,
 Where oft my childish feet with pleasure roamed
 When I was young and free from care.

Again I rove where I in childhood played,
 Upon the soil where I was born,
 And in the farm-house, as' of old, I sit
 With those I love, now dead and gone;
 Sweet smiles I see and loving words I hear,
 From fond companions now no more,
 Who with me lived the sunny days of youth
 When we the smiles of pleasure wore.

Among its granite hills and valleys green
 I live my childhood o'er again,
 As Mt. Monadnock and Mt. Washington
 Their lofty summits I attain;
 As down the fair Connecticut I glide,
 Or o'er its famous lakes I sail,
 As through the beech and maple groves I stroll
 When summer blooms on hill and dale.

Again, I seem to quaff the cooling draught
 From many an old familiar spring,
 And, as of yore, beneath the balmy pines
 The joyous songs of youth I sing;
 While thinking of my old New Hampshire home,
 Of scenes to recollection dear,
 Of childhood's friends I nevermore shall see—
 The friends I love and most revere.

Chorus:

I'm thinking of my old New Hampshire home,
 Now I am dwelling far away,
 Far from its granite hills and valleys green,
 Now I am growing old and gray;
 As I in fancy roam its sunny fields

I live my childhood o'er again,
As I behold the cot that sheltered me
When I was free from care and pain.

OUR OLD LOG-CABIN HOME.

To-night, thro' childhood's haunts again I roam,
Down by my father's old log-cabin home,
Down on the old plantation, as of yore,
My careless feet so loved to wander o'er
When pleasure reigned and happiness was mine,
And I among the lasses used to shine;
Where first I met my sweetheart on the green,
When she was beautiful sweet Bessie Beane,
Where once we wooed, ere aught we knew of gloom,
When first the morning glories were in bloom.

To-night, I hear the darkies sing again,
Now by the cotton-fields I dance and train,
As I in fancy love those merry hours
When we so sweetly sang in shady bowers,
When life and rosy hope before me lay
And cold misfortune dwelt far, far away;
Ere cruel changes came or sorrow tried,
When I strolled carelessly o'er acres wide,
And wooed so merrily down by the flume,
When first the morning glories were in bloom.

To-night, down in our cabin home, I see
Sweet faces once so fond and dear to me;
I see again the reverend pastor there
The eve she looked so lovely and so fair,
When gaily sang the blithesome nightingale
And brightly beamed the stars o'er hill and dale;
When, hand in hand, we vowed we'd faithful be
Though fortune smiled or dark adversity—
The vow we pledged as loving bride and groom
When first the morning glories were in bloom.

Now from these hallowed scenes tho' far we dwell,
Far from the shady haunts we love so well,
The old log-cabin home we've ne'er forgot
Where first my sweetheart's hand I sought,

When life with all its charms before me lay,
 And she was sweet and beautiful as May;
 When o'er its walls the woodbine softly crept
 And love and peace and fond contentment slept,
 Where in sweet wedlock's wiles we met our doom
 When first the morning glories were in bloom.

NO FRIEND, LIKE MONEY, HAVE I FOUND.

No friend, like money, have I found
 I can with justice say,
 That by me has so firmly stood
 At home or far away;
 No helper in the hour of need
 So willing to befriend
 When hunger at my vitals gnaws
 And I to penury bend.

No friend, wherever I have roamed,
 That's done so much for me
 To cause my life to be in touch
 Lo, with prosperity;
 That's strewn my pathway with so much
 That tells for happiness,
 Or brought so oft to me the joys
 That comfort, cheer and bless.

So, till I find some surer friend
 Who can do more for me,
 And pay more willingly my bills
 When in adversity,
 I'll not forget that I've ne'er found
 As money, such a friend,
 So willing in the hour of need
 A helping hand to lend.

NO FRIEND.

Who loves to twit you of your faults—
 How dark or light they be—
 Is not, indeed, a real friend.
 But a mean enemy.

Who likes your feelings oft to wound
In a cold-hearted way,
And in your presence never cares
About what he may say.

Who can, whenever so inclined,
With pleasure backbite you,
And, in your path the thorns of hate
Be not afraid to strew.

Who dares to falsify, to mar
Your reputation dear,
And on some dangerous reef your bark
Of life would gladly steer.

Who happy feels when slurring you,
No matter when or where,
And smiling sweetly when you know
What 'tis to roughly fare.

CHILDHOOD'S HAPPY HOME.

Home of my childhood, ah, how changed, I see!
Where I in boyhood lived and roamed so free;
Now, after many years, again I view
My father's cot, near where the maples grew,
Midst scenes that long ago I loved so well,
When in a country ville I used to dwell;
And, as I list, I hear no sounds within,
No welcome voice that would attention win—
Deserted lo, I but too plainly see,
This moss-grown relic, once so dear to me!

Still I can trace where oft my feet have trod,
Where my dear mother knelt in prayer to God.
The little room, tho' bare, reminds me still
How earnestly she prayed for his good-will;
Where father's kindly voice I seem to hear,
And sister's smiles I see, to me so dear;
Now, on its walls, it is my lot to gaze
And live again my childhood's sunny days,
As I in thought recall the joyous hours
When I so loved to rove 'mong pleasure's flowers.

To-day within the village church I sat,
Where often congregate the lean and fat,
Dear bosom friends—companions of the past—
Who, I'll remember till I've breathed my last.
But, oh! the faces that I saw were new
And strange to me—ay, e'en the parson's, too.
I saw but three to-day—ay, only three,
In all the congregation known by me,
And they the blade of time had marked so plain,
To know, I had to stare and stare again.

But yesterday I saw the district-school,
Where many a comrade felt the master's rule,
And learning bade our roving thoughts be still,
While education curbed each stubborn will;
Now weather-worn and marked by thoughtless time,
It stands to view, like yonder aged lime,
Betokening the fate that must be mine
When with old-age at last I'm forced to dine;
Since all that's temporal must soon decay
And slowly pass from mortal sight away.

How sweet it seems once more to linger here
In a fair ville to fond remembrance, dear,
Or, as of yore, in peace to idly roam
The sunny fields that cluster 'round my home,
To pluck again the wild rose on the hill
And hear the swallows twitter on the sill
On this bright summer day, as when a child,
When nature's charms to me so sweetly smiled;
To meditate 'midst scenes I love so well,
Where I in childhood was so pleased to dwell!

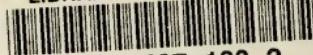




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